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FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1914.

DOLLARS AND CENTS—FLESH AND BLOOD.

GOOD READING FOR SOME MEXICANS.

The dreary wrangle over the House appropriation bill was brightened for a moment yesterday by a discussion that showed the new and the old theories of government in marked contrast.

One delegate has been exhorting the members to defeat an item of the appropriation bill, and had loosed all his powers to condemn it and the doctrine that it exemplified. It was a little appropriation against which he argued—just \$5,000—and it was intended to provide for the maintenance of a home for wayward colored girls. The good of it had been explained by Delegate Houston—scores of colored girls in the flocks, disease and immorality spread among those whom the State should protect. The need was not denied by the delegate who spoke, but the means he deplored. Was Virginia to be placed at the mercy of well-intentioned “ministers” who wanted an institution for every class of dependent? Was the state to add to its provision for the insane, the epileptic and the criminal, new allowances for the women of the underworld? With sincerity that was manifest and with earnestness that commanded respect, he appealed for an amendment to prevent such an expenditure.

President Wilson seeks neither to evade the issue in the Panama Canal question, to cloud it with sophistry, or to base his appeal on any other ground than national honor and international duty. He does not hide his own views, nor does he urge them Frankly expressing his belief that the economic principle involved in the exemption is unsound, and that the Panama Canal act is contrary to our treaty with Great Britain, he leaves both questions as soon as stated, and asks for the repeal on the ground that the plain language of the treaty is everywhere understood in a manner contrary to the construction put upon it by the United States. “We ought,” he says, “to reverse our action without raising the question whether we are right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation.”

Except for a final appeal for action in order that he may be able to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence, this is the whole argument of Mr. Wilson’s message. It is enough. There was, perhaps, a time when threats of political proscription and forecasts of war would scarcely have availed to shake the control over Congress of those interests which have attempted to benefit the few at the expense of the many through this ship subsidy. But that time has passed. The subsidy lobby which commanded merely whistlers the senators who stoked for the rights of “business” and for the “glories” of American commerce have given place to men who will not fail to meet the will of the people as voted by the President.

It may be taken for granted that the repeal will come quickly and will come in the manner suggested by Mr. Wilson—the manner most creditable to America. We shall not be forced to await the unfavorable findings of international arbitration, and we shall not have to sit after a lengthy debate to prove that Congress was mistaken in 1912; we shall merely concede that other nations are right in their construction of the treaty—not because we are proved wrong, but because we are not indignantly right.

WHY PALE?

Are the rosy cheeks of yesterday, and where the girls whose bright eyes used to be framed in the glow of good health? One may saunter down Franklin Street, a bright afternoon, and look for them almost in vain. Girls one meets by the score, pretty girls, graceful girls, the best-looking girls in all the world, but the vast majority of them pale and anemic, seem to lack that health that should be reflected in their cheeks.

What is responsible for it? We may rule out, for Richmond at least, the answer dermatologists give—that face powder, thickly applied, has deadened the skin and clogged the tiny veins of the cheeks. Our Richmond girls can’t have lost their rosy cheeks on this account, because surely they do not use powder, much less that naughty rouge.

Modern charity errs when it neglects the duty of the individual, even as the old philanthropy went astray in placing the full responsibility upon him. But here in Virginia we have walked wisely and in the light. No reckless ventures have been approved because of their sentimental appeal; no fortunes have been poured out from the public treasury to pamper or to demoralize. Every dollar that has been spent has been invested in prevention and to cure. For a few thousand dollars a year, Virginia is demonstrating that consumption can be cured; on a small allowance our reformatories are remaking young lives and saving young delinquents from the penitentiary; at the epileptic colony we are bringing happiness and peace to one of our most miserable and most dangerous classes; to the deaf and blind we are giving the prospect of independence. When we shall have established an ample school for the feeble-minded, we shall have ceased to sin against posterity.

Are these things socialist? Are those who champion them fanatics? Government, which does not offend the weak and aid the needy is brother to barbarism and anarchy.

KIPLING ON ODORES.

Breakin’ to this fine passage from Rudyard Kipling’s recent address before the Royal Geographical Society:

“To me, as to others, a fried ash-heap can speak multitudinously for all the East from Cairo to Singapore. Has you noticed that wherever a few travelers gather together, one or other of them says: ‘Do you remember the smell of that and such a place?’ Then he may go on to speak of a smell—perhaps—one which is all Arabic, of the smell of cotton ends at Hitten on the Euphrates, or of the smell of drying fish in Burma?”

A “whiff of it I wad smoid can take us back to forgotten marches over crumpled mountains with disreputable smells, to day-long hills beside heated rivers in the sun, the winter mornings of youth in brilliant lands where every morning dawning and generally done to uneven washings under a low desert moon and on top of arid, hard pebbles; and above all, to that God’s own long all the world over when the stars have gone out, and it is too dark to see clear down with the fumes of last night’s entries in other countries—iles and ports, with a new horizon to bewise itself up against a new dawn?”

With has not viewed, though he has not been able to paint them in words, just such memory pictures conjured from forgetfulness in a moment by chance, when the world, wafted one knows not whence ever, wafted one knows

“There is just one Tammany,” says the Memphis Commercial Appeal. And there is but one Satan, but it is enough.

It is a shame to outrage the sensibilities of some of our Senators by suggesting that there has ever been such a thing as fraud in Virginia elections.

Paris boasts it hasn’t had a case of hydrophobia in ten years. Then why don’t some of its citizens quit acting like bats?

President Wilson left a nice little lophole for Congressmen to slide out of without confessing themselves wrong on the free toll provision.

“A woman generally knows when she can trust a man. That’s where intuition comes in,” says the Manchester Union. And that’s where woman’s intuition is generally wrong.

Common sense would do a lot more good if it were common.

Speaking of police fiction, how about “the Senate will now come to order.”

Crying for something you don’t want—an L. W. W. crying for permanent work.

The waiting list of the Amazons Club has long—waiting for the Colonel to return.

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WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

Reprinted from This Newspaper.

General Pancho Villa is very busy just now “executing” foreigners and devising explanations thereto, and General Carranza is fairly well occupied in attempting to imbue others with his own idea of his dignity and importance; but these two worthies might, with profit, take an hour off and read the history of the Alamo. To-day, the seventy-eighth anniversary of the end that it exemplified. It was a little appropriation against which he argued—just \$5,000—and it was intended to provide for the maintenance of a home for wayward colored girls. The good of it had been explained by Delegate Houston—scores of colored girls in the flocks, disease and immorality spread among those whom the State should protect. The need was not denied by the delegate who spoke, but the means he deplored. Was Virginia to be placed at the mercy of well-intentioned “ministers” who wanted an institution for every class of dependent? Was the state to add to its provision for the insane, the epileptic and the criminal, new allowances for the women of the underworld? With sincerity that was manifest and with earnestness that commanded respect, he appealed for an amendment to prevent such an expenditure.

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Then another delegate arose, Willis, of Roanoke, a clear-voiced, open-faced young man. Quick to see the difference between himself and the delegate who had spoken, Mr. Willis defined it in a word: “The gentleman who has just taken his seat measures government in dollars and cents, not in flesh and blood,” he said.

Generals Villa and Carranza should read this story to-day. It will recall to them the bravery and generosity of Santa Anna with his glorious victory and so contemptuous was he of the Texans, who could kill only ten men while losing one, that he indulged himself in the gentle pastime of having the six survivors butchered before his eyes. He probably congratulated himself and his country that, in butchering one of these prisoners who was ill in bed, he lost only half a dozen of his brave followers.

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